

Beter than sex,
twice as often.

EVERY THREE WEEKLY

VOLUME 11 ISSUE 1 SEPTEMBER 2009

www.everythreeweekly.com



INSIDE

Auntie Anne's enters the MUG: Are they ready for primetime? Page 5D



Blue goes Page 2C



Older sexually active Lynx female sick of being called a cougar Page 7B



Amateur crastinator turns pro Page 14E

ESurance corners pre-teen auto insurance market with Erin ESurance cartoon ads Page 11T

UM welcomes record large freshman class in anticipation of heavy Swine Flu losses

CAMPUS—Anticipating the tragic and untimely loss of hundreds to thousands of Michigan students to the H1-N1 virus, better known as Swine Flu, the University's admissions board planned ahead this year, welcoming a record large freshman class of reinforcements.

Over 6,000 applicants were accepted last spring, 4,900 of which were enrolled. That's 300 more students than last year, or roughly how many flu-related deaths University Health Services is expecting before the Thanksgiving Break in late November.

Scientists, health officials, and your parents have all warned at length that a large college campus like Michigan's is fertile ground for rapid spread of Swine Flu, better known as the H1-N1 Virus, because of the myriad of people it hosts and the close proximity in which they live and drink beer out of cups that other people throw balls into.

But can this imminent loss of young life be stopped? "No," asserts David Wilcox, an employee in the Office of Undergraduate Admissions.

"It's not a matter of if or when the Flu comes," claims Wilcox, "it's a matter of how many drop and how quickly we can replace them. I know that might sound a little crass, but think of it from a business standpoint: A student who dies of the Flu can't pay tuition. That's up to \$45,000 dollars lost right there. Now multiply that by hundreds of students and you

get a serious financial crisis that the University is staring right in the pig snout. It's tragic, really. We've already got the biggest football stadium in the world to pay for here." **SEE SWINE**, page 3



Freshmen eager for college, which may end up only being the best 2-3 months of their life

NEWS IN PHOTOS

Rich Rodriguez's groupies pack the Big House, chant "In Rod We Thrust" after coach's 5th career win with Wolverines



Letters to the editor

Every Three Weekly,

Hello, my name is Jason Miller and I am an internet marketing specialist. I was looking at websites under the keyword asian baby and came across your website, <http://www.everythreeweekly.com>. I see that you're not ranked on the first page of Google for an asian baby search. I'm not sure if you're aware of why you're ranked this low but more importantly how easily correctable this is. There's no reason you can't have a top three ranking for the keyword asian baby based on your site structure and content. You have a very nice site. If you're interested I can help you with this...

I didn't send this email out to very many people but I am currently reaching out to a list of your 'keyword competitors' as well. But I do favor your website because I can see your website monetizing the targeted website traffic the keyword asian baby can deliver. I have your contact information and phone number. Is it ok if I give you a call? I have a very simple way to prove that what I do works and it's risk free for you to try. Nothing beats seeing the results with your own eyes. Is it ok if I give you a call? I would love to pursue this further over the phone with you or should I go somewhere else?

Sincerely,

Jason Miller
www.linkstiger.com

P.S - If the tables were turned and somebody I didn't know came to me with a proposition, even one that was appealing, I would be hesitant because I would be wondering - what's the catch? What does this guy know that I don't.

But then I would think he does know something that I don't know. He does have thousands of high PR websites, he does have hundreds of thousands of pages indexed and ranking in Google Yahoo and MSN. Sites that can deliver the quality anchor text backlinks. I would also think that I need to get my website in the top rankings. And he is offering to turn key top rankings for me...on all my keywords including asian baby. Even keywords I'm not currently competing for. Keywords that produce traffic that's potentially worth tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of dollars. I emailed you because It's a win -win for both of us. Think of it this way - Who wouldn't be interested in buying money at a discount? Because that's what I'll be able to do offer you...Money at a discount. Is it Ok to give you a call? Or you can call me anytime?

Dear Jason Miller,

While you've clearly done your research on the nature of our organization and present a deeply persuasive argument, we are quite satisfied with the revenue and volume of internet hits we generate for the keyword 'asian baby' on www.everythreeweekly.com at this time. Don't get us wrong; we're always looking for ways to maximize our asian baby output, so recently we reached out to a list of your 'internet marketing specialist competitors' and found that only www.linkspanther.com can provide us with the anchor text backlinks to fully capitalize on not just asian baby, but south american, african, and australian baby as well.

Thank you for your inquiry and enjoy your free E3W tee shirt,

The Michigan Every Three Weekly

E3W letters policy

The Every Three Weekly wants to publish your letter! Send in what you're thinking to **threeweeks@umich**; those chosen for publication will receive a FREE Every Three Weekly tee shirt, in addition to the giddy thrill of seeing your name printed in Georgia 10 point font. All published letters are real, as are our responses.



The Michigan Every Three Weekly

University Activities Committee
4002 Michigan Union
530 South State Street #541
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109-1349

www.everythreeweekly.com

Inquiries: threeweeks@umich.edu

STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF: William Croix Petrich
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Annie Bernstein,
Peter DeYoe, Mike Fialkoff, Chris King, John Lewsley,
Alex Stuessy

ARTS EDITOR: Brian Jennings
LAYOUT EDITOR: Eileen Divringi
ASSOCIATE LAYOUT EDITOR: John Carlson
WEB EDITOR: Sean Gordon
VIDEO EDITOR: Kiel Nowakowski

FINANCIAL COORDINATOR: Daniel Marcus
DISTRIBUTION TSAR: Noveed Safipour
SOCIAL CHAIR: Carly Grob
LSAT TUTOR: Jonah Roth

WRITERS: Emily Albertson, Teddy Albertson,
Shaza Al-Holou, John Carlson, Sam Carpentier,
Carly Grob, Emily Grubman, Dan Johns,
Jordan Klein, Gabe Moss, Paul Manganello,
Kiel Nowakowski, Emilio Olivarez, Lanzio Palombo,
Matt Partington, Alison Rieth, Jonah Roth,
Noveed Safipour, Rebecca Steffen, Julia Young

ARTS/LAYOUT STAFF: John Carlson,
Lauren Kennedy

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS: Annie Bernstein,
Jessica Lax, William Croix Petrich

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Armando Allen's
unsportsmanlike conduct, DPS Officer Jason
Forsberg, Mary Kisor and UAC, Provost Teresa
Sullivan, and Hamilton Street.

Legal Disclaimer

The Michigan Every Three Weekly is a newspaper of satire and campus affairs that is not intended for readers under the age of 18 years. The Every Three Weekly uses invented names in its stories except in cases where public figures and prominent University members are being satirized or described. Any other use of real names is accidental and coincidental. The statements and opinions within the Michigan Every Three Weekly are not necessarily the views of its sponsors, UAC, or the University of Michigan. Though they probably should be.



Natalie Emcard to give keynote address at hypothetical race forum

CAMPUS--Michigan's most recognizable immaterial spokesperson has agreed to deliver the keynote address at an upcoming hypothetical race relations forum sponsored by the University.

Natalie Emcard, the metaphysical template for your average U of M student, will touch on a range of topics in the speech, including what it means to be a highly photogenic minority at the 'U' and how it feels to have expired May 09, 2007.

"I look forward to addressing the student body as if I were just another black girl with UM ID# 9999 9999," Emcard said while reaching over the Space time Continuum. "The hardest part will be speaking into the microphone while simultaneously holding onto the same frozen expression I've worn for the past eleven years."

Emcard confirms that the goal of the non-existent forum is to uphold a superficial image of measured diversity and multiracial compatibility even after voters in the actual state of Michigan passed an actual proposal to block affirmative action back in

the actual 2006 elections.

"Sure, people have seen my face in passing over the years, but this forum gives me a chance to carry my hollow message to its imaginary potential," says Emcard. "Three years after the disappearance of affirmative action, I'm eager to tell the U of M community that I'm still here and I'm still happy."

The University's disingenuous student body has welcomed Emcard's mission: ever since the forum was announced by Michigan's faceless administration, there has been a surge of feigned interest and artificial enthusiasm pumped through Webmail and Ctool videos. Though at first some students felt their conventional, pre-formulated ideas about race might be threatened by an actual campus dialogue, a formal statement from administrators confirming that the forum is "purely for show" put an end to such concerns.

"We would like the forum to serve as nothing more than an impalpable substitute for what could be a real conversation," read the statement. "It promises

to be a fine concept of an evening, reflecting all the abstract values of this great symbol of an institution." Tickets are four thousand dollars.



FROM SWINE, page 1

The oncoming epidemic is surely a terrifying prospect, though not one without a silver lining. Students stuck on North Campus are expected to find many newly available central campus rooms in Markley and West Quad by the start of second semester, while academic officials have predicted greater ease in getting into crowded classes off the waitlist this fall. And although Jimmy John's may have to cut down to a mere three campus locations with the loss of so many students, survivors should expect shorter lines when ordering their cold sandwiches. Additionally, GSI's are just as susceptible to the Flu as undergraduates, which likely means cancelled discussion sections and lots of them.

Just which students will succumb to the H1-N1 Virus, better known as the Communal Bathroom Killer, is yet unclear and sure to be a subject of intense suspense across Ann Arbor all semester, though the criteria used in this year's freshmen admissions process may provide some clues.

"We had to change some of our standards to accept 6,000 kids," said the slightly embarrassed Director of Undergraduate Admissions, Wally Morgenthau. "Kids from Saginaw and Midland made the cut this year. We even dipped into the pool of outstate applicants who had less than a 30 on their ACT, which would have been unthinkable, even sinful, just a year ago. I'm guessing those poor, confused imbeciles will be the first to go."

Tips For Avoiding & Spreading Swine Flu



Tips for AVOIDING:

- Purell is essential: students should drink 2-3 glasses a day and use as their sexual lubricant of choice. Challenge: see if you can finish masturbating before the Purell evaporates.
- Avoid DPS and Ann Arbor Police at all costs; close contact with pigs is the surest way to catch the Swine Flu.
- It's crucial that Beer Pong athletes fully submerge, not just dip, their balls in regularly refilled Wash Cups, which studies show kill 99.9% of all germs.
- Keep your hands away from your face, crotch, feet, stomach, legs, neck, butt, and hands.
- If you give the Swine Flu a cookie, it's going to want a glass of milk...
- Don't sneeze into your hands. Instead, sneeze into nearby Eastern Michigan University and let them deal with it.
- Most importantly, memorize all Provost Sullivan's emails about the Flu word for word.

Tips for SPREADING:

- Bite other people's fingernails.
- Attend a party at a co-op or a fraternity.
- If you know of any weekly gatherings of 110,000 people, go to them and high-five everyone.
- Lick the keyboards in Fishbowl. Also, start calling the Fishbowl the Pig Pen since it's the epicenter of Swine Flu spread
- Get intimate with bacon, even if Jewish.
- Sneeze into the salad bar at any University dining Hall (avoid sneeze guards).
- Take advantage of the limited circulation the Blue Bus system offers on game days.
- Protest Swine Flu—that always seems to make things more popular than they should be.
- Bring used Q-Tips to the library and scatter them like the unique, waxy snowflakes they are.
- Sit bare-ass in a drinking fountain.
- Hyperventilate on an elevator.
- Share your copy of the Every Three Weekly with everyone you know (this page especially contagious).



**EXTRA
EXTRA
READ
ALL
ABOUT
IT**

E3W Mass Meeting:

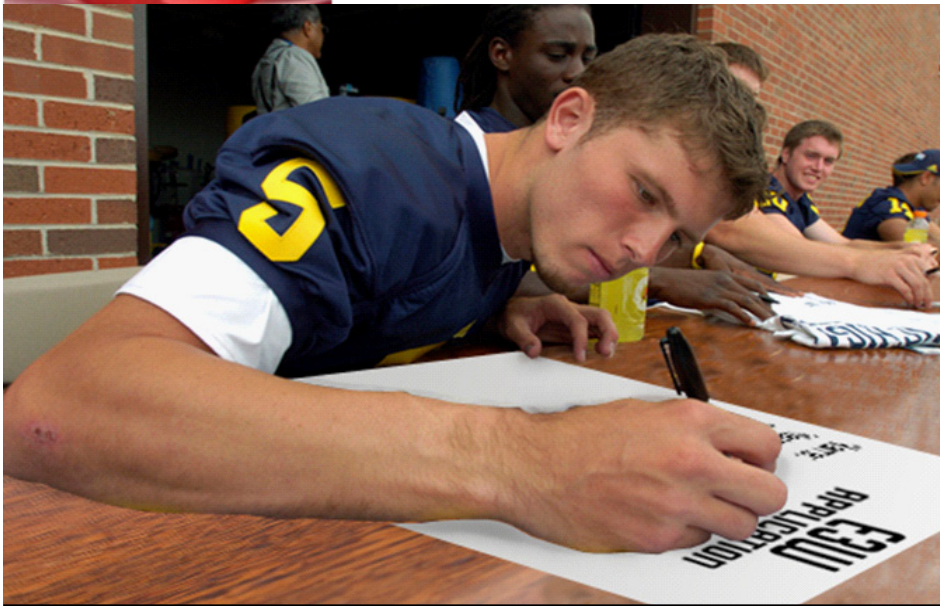
7PM WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH

KUENZEL ROOM, MICHIGAN UNION

(AT SAME TIME AS CIRCLE K MASS MEETING IN THE LEAGUE, SO IT SHOULDN'T BE A TOUGH DECISION)



Tate Forcier spotted working on Every Three Weekly application



“I just want to fit in,” claims freshman QB

BIG HOUSE--After orchestrating a thrilling game-winning touchdown drive against #18 Notre Dame last Saturday, sensational freshman quarterback Tate Forcier boldly declared to ESPN reporters: “I don’t get nervous.”

At least not on the football field, anyway. Privately, sources close to the San Diego native have revealed that Forcier is a ball of nerves when it comes to his Every Three Weekly application, which he’s been spotted working on around campus and in the locker room.

“I’ve got this article I’m writing about a quarterback who thinks he’s in an I-formation when he’s really in the shotgun, so when the ball gets snapped he turns around to hand it off, but no one’s there!” revealed Forcier.

“I just hope the E3W likes it. I really want to get on some more clubs and student orgs and make some friends, you know, outside of football.”

INDESIGNERS

Those with proficiency in Adobe InDesign are in high demand for positions on the E3W layout staff, which works closely with editors and the arts staff to put each issue together ahead of our crippling tri-weekly deadlines. Those joining the layout staff will be able to contribute immediately provided they possess the requisite skills.

WRITERS

Comedy writers are a lot like mosquitoes in that they’re technically necessary despite what an annoyance they are. By far the most competitive field of the E3W admissions process, prospective writers will be asked to submit a short portfolio, the parameters of which will be detailed at the Mass Meeting.



WEB DESIGNERS

www.everythreeweekly.com is up and running and needs a few web types to keep it that way. Anyone interested in website design or maintenance is welcome to join. Associate Web Editor position available for those qualified.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

By far the easiest way to make and stay on staff, if you have a good camera and want to use it, we’ll hire you to point and/or click. People with this job will do things like photograph Mary Sue Coleman’s toilet and thermostat.

ILLUSTRATORS

The cartoons in the Daily are garbage. The cartoons in the Gargoyle are more like recycling, but they’re still pretty bad. With that in mind, the E3W is actively seeking talented etchers to fill our arts ranks. We’re uncensored, willing to run your original art, and the best means on campus for getting your work seen by thousands of your peers.

PHOTOSHOPPERS

Those with proficiency in Adobe Photoshop are in high demand for positions on the E3W Arts staff. Here you’ll create or alter pictures, in addition to working on graphics for our print edition and website. Arts staffers are usually able to contribute immediately upon joining, a distinct advantage over new hires in other departments.

VIDEO MAKERS

Beginning in October, the E3W will begin producing comedic videos in addition to our current printed product. Those with technical experience in video production are highly in demand, as are actors, writers, and anyone else who likes to make funny videos and thinks they have something to offer. Get in on the ground floor!

**CAN’T MAKE IT TO THE MASS MEETING BUT STILL WANT TO BE ON STAFF?
HAVE A QUESTION THAT WASN’T ANSWERED BY THIS PAGE?**

CONTACT: THREEWEEKS@UMICH.EDU



CAMPUS EVENTS

The Rise and Fall of the Gargoyle

A new exhibit in the lobby of the Hatcher Graduate Library traces the sharp rise and precipitous fall of Michigan's official humor publication, The Gargoyle, over the past century. The once-respected magazine's trajectory has closely mirrored that of Detroit's: A boom period in the early twentieth century spurred by innovation in a growing field followed by prestige and importance throughout the first half of the century before the inevitable collapse of both beginning in the late Seventies when Detroit and the Gargoyle failed to adapt to a changing world. Today, both stand as dilapidated, financially ruined shells of their past glory covered in incomprehensible graffiti, though only the Gargoyle can say they used to have Arthur Miller. And they do say it, all the time. The exhibit notes that a major reason for the Gargoyle's decline has been their slow evolution from a humor publication into a weird, fringe social group over the last decade. Today's staff is far removed from the world of comedy, more closely resembling the gothic lunch table at your middle school, with members clad in black and silver, spouting jokes about dragons and wizards that only they understand. The exhibit is free and open to the public, but don't worry, that doesn't mean you have to go.

Michigan Daily breaks "news" on student banking offers

MAYNARD—In a move that exudes journalistic integrity, the Michigan Daily broke the news last week that Chase Bank and Bank of America are currently offering limited-time-only student discounts and incentives to open checking and savings accounts.

Exercising their continuing editorial freedom, the Daily published last week that "A Chase college checking account has no monthly service fee for up to five years and includes FREE account alerts, FREE online bill pay, and FREE access to more than 14,000 Chase ATMs."

The landmark reports were published on double sided 8 x 10 glossy "consumer advocacy" flyers garnished with the official colors, logo, and slogans of the major banks being cited. To increase readers' accessibility, the reports were tucked in the center of the daily newspaper so they'd fall out when someone picked up a copy.

"It's like I wrote on the first day of school: we're a newspaper by and for the students," said Daily Editor Gary Graca. "And I can't think of anything more important to students than knowing Bank of America offers 20% cash back on top of online discounts when you open a new debit card today. All you

have to do is visit bankofamerica.com/additup to get started."

Credit must go the Daily's art staff for coming up with the perfect picture to accompany the reports: a young, non-threatening, black man pulling a credit card out of a cartoon box.



"That really spoke to me," said young, non-threatening black sophomore Terrance Wilson. "Plus it's good to know I can count on my student newspaper to inform me that I could be getting back to school specials at leading retailers like Gap and Dell with my new Bank of America Card. Thanks to the Daily,

I won't be missing any of these fresh deals!"

Not everyone has applauded the Daily's crack consumer reporting. Some have leveled accusations that the reports are nothing more than "paid advertisements," a smear Editor Graca ardently denies and resents.

"Why would a socially conscious, student-run newspaper like ours be selling private ad space to the very banks whose irresponsible lending and trading practices spurred the current economic recession which now forces us to sell private ad space? It just doesn't make sense! Besides, the reports present both sides, which a paid advertisement would never do. We included right there in the tiny little print at the bottom of the flyers that "participating retailers and offers are subject to change," and that "additional restrictions apply. That's called journalism; we're trying to get people to add up the rewards here."

It is yet unclear if the Daily plans to run the same "consumer advocacy" pieces indefinitely, or if they only plan to do so until students are finally aware of all the great deals that await them with major, multinational corporations.

Presentation club holds flawless mass meeting

KUENZEL ROOM—The Michigan Presentation Givers, a Ross Business School student org dedicated to bolstering member's speaking, delivery, and visual display skills, recently held a "flawless mass meeting."

"Oh man, we really nailed it this year," recalls club president Tom Hamm. "The meeting started at exactly 6:00 pm and ended right as the last piece of free pizza was being taken by a prospective member. And that PowerPoint! Watching the silky transition between Slide 5: 'Membership Dues' and Slide 6: 'FAQ's', you'd think we were in mid-semester form or something."

The meeting, which was held in the Kuenzel Room of the Union last Thursday, had 43 attendees, exactly the amount of chairs the club had set out. If anything, the meeting's lone flaw

appears to be that it was too good.

"Honestly, I was intimidated," said Mass Meeting attendee Chelsea Rhodes. "They opened with the perfect pie chart joke, and then at the end, there were absolutely no audience questions—they had already addressed every conceivable FAQ. These guys are the real deal."

Study shows you won't read past this emboldened headline

CAMPUS—A recent study conducted by the Satirical Newspaper Association for Readership and Kö-operation, or SNARK, found that the vast majority of those who pick up a satirical publication like The Onion, The Michigan Every Three Weekly, or the Michigan Daily only glance at the emboldened headlines of articles, totally eschewing the corresponding

body text. The study showed that so few people read past the headlines that it hardly matters what is written here at all, permitting editors to insert their favorite Sonic Youth lyrics or messages to their parents at the end of articles without anyone noticing. If you've overcome this trend and are still reading this, then you just may be one of the select few with

the astuteness to work for the Every Three Weekly. See details about joining on pages 4-5. In a related story: "I looked up in the clouds/and I saw this face looking down at me/and it's a woman's face/and she threw a quarter down at me and she said: /honey, here's a quarter/go put it in a washing machine." Yo Mom and Dad!

E3W advertisement policy

The Michigan Every Three Weekly is damn proud to be the only newspaper on campus that doesn't bend over and dilate its orifices for the benefit of corporate advertisers and sponsors. We only advertise for student organizations and clubs, and we do so for free, without exception. If you're in a student group and would like to take advantage of this totally free publicity, shoot us an email at **threeweeks@umich** and let us know about your group. We accept or deny ads solely on the basis of if we like you. Just like high school!

Meticulously planned syllabus ruined by ten minute fire drill

CAMPUS—An unexpected fire drill at 3:42pm last Tuesday during Dr. Feiglin’s “Advanced Physics” lecture completely ruined the down-to-the-minute, meticulously planned syllabus that had previously been established as the course’s semester-long guiding light. The class was pronounced lost at 3:47 pm.

After “Explaining Subatomic Levels” at 3:30pm and before “Erasing the Chalk Board” at 3:45pm, the fire drill took the place of “Asking If There Are Any Questions” at 3:43pm on the syllabus. Feiglin, who created the schedule that mapped out every minute of every lecture for the entire semester, was wholly devastated.

“Everything was ruined. Everything. How the hell do you erase the chalk board if you haven’t first asked if there are any questions? But how do you ask if there are any questions if you are standing outside Angel Hall because of a fire drill?” Feiglin yelled in a cold sweat.

“All the planning, the time, the accounting for daylight savings time, lost! My only option is to cancel the class for the semester,” he added. Colleagues who work in the physics department attest to the importance of an airtight syllabus.

“It is equivalent to a tear in the Spacetime Continuum—once one element is displaced, the entire course is altered. I knew a PhD candidate who just quit after a student asked a 10-minute long question. There just isn’t time for that type of ignorance,” said Marshall Cullen, Associate Professor of Linear Algebra.

SEE SYLLABUS, page 13



Math jokes a hit for hilarious GSI

CAMPUS—Math GSI Taylor Harris has become an instant favorite among members of his MATH105 sections, due to an over-caf-feinated style of instruction punctuated with never before seen math puns and witty acronyms for hard-to-remember formulas.

Whether he’s tap dancing to a musical version of the quadratic equation or proposing to one of his students using a “polynomial ring,” Harris never fails to energize calculus.

“I try to make my lectures really humorous and really fun and really interactive,” he shouted in a recent interview. “Because who wants to go through a day of classes without ever laughing? No one! That’s who. A day without laughs is like the square root of negative one: I can’t even imagine what it’s like! Get it? Do you get it?” laughed Harris.

Harris spends hours laying out his clothes and each lesson plan, remaining open to improvisation when it comes time to deliver a prime lecture.

“The hard part isn’t remembering the jokes, it’s knowing which ones to tell on a given day. For example, if I have a room full of smart, alert students, I’ll whip out a high-brow pun like ‘What is non-orientable and lives in the ocean? Mobius Dick!’ But if I can tell it’s kind of an off-day for them, I’ll dumb it down with something like, ‘What did the zero say to the eight? Nice belt!’” said Harrison, wiping a tear from his eye.

Harris says it’s important to have three to five joke ideas on hand at all times in order to avoid the chance of in-class catastrophe. This approach has won him an overwhelmingly positive reputation as one of the raddest young GSI’s at the University. “I should probably try stand up,” admitted Harris.

SEE GSI, page 13

Phasing out your former class friends: an e3w guide

Although class discussions last a mere fifty minutes, it never hurts to make a class friend with whom you can share those feelings of boredom and stress that arise in a given term. While the camaraderie takes shape within the classroom, commonality rarely exists outside of academic buildings. Class-only friendships do have their benefits. You can borrow their study guide before the exam, you can talk behind the back of the anal third member of your group project, and you can ask them to sign you in on the attendance sheet using their less-dominant hand when you’re absent. However, once pencils are down and the exam is over, there’s little reason to keep these friends around, even though you still have to walk past them on the Diag and see them in the Union. Follow this guide to make the inevitable process of phasing out your last few semester’s classroom friendships of convenience easier for both parties:

First out-of-class encounter (1-2 months): You’ll most likely run into your class friend in one of three circumstances: at a welcome week party, on your way to class, or at a football game. In all circumstances, drunk or sober, you must pull it together once said party has been sighted. Excitedly greet them and talk only about your final grade in the class, giving yourself one full letter grade inflation. If the topic of summer comes up give a brief summary of your [disappointing] trip to Europe that was totally awesome. Do not talk about where you live. Do not talk about classes you’re taking this semester.

Second encounter (2-4 months): You’ve spotted them on the Diag or in Mason Hall and they are walking your way, clearly eager to make sure they’ve still got your same phone number. Say hi quickly and that you’ve got to run because you’re late for a class. Hurriedly walk on past as they stop to reflect on the many times you were late for your shared class last semester.

Third encounter (4-6 months): By now the year is well underway and you’ve started something new with this guy/girl from your Biology class. There’s no need to reflect over classes past. The only acknowledgement necessary is an emotionless closed-mouth smile. No teeth whatsoever. None.

Fourth encounter (6 months-Graduation): Meet eyes. Avert eyes. Meet eyes. Never once look back; you don’t know that person anymore.

STAFF INFECTION

a look underneath the skin of the e3w



Staff writers Teddy and Emily Albertson, known as “The Albertsons” on staff, are our only married couple. Recently wedded this past August, this handsome duo excitedly joins us once again this fall as husband and wife. For a second there, we were a bit concerned these two would never make it back from their honeymoon in Alaska (see picture above)! But fortunately they returned to another semester in Ann Arbor of occasional submissions and enthusiastic excuses for not going to meetings. When asked separately what their favorite part of working on staff was, Emily said that she loved working side by side with hubby Teddy, while Teddy said that he really loved working on the Sports page. It seems it’s true what they say about how young married couples start to look like each other after the first couple months!

Game of Beatles Rock Band ruined by weird Asian girlfriend

JEFFERSON — Four U of M housemates living on E. Liberty were ecstatic upon their joint purchase of the new Beatles Rock Band last week, however, tensions began to flare up within the group after housemate Ben Lawson began a relationship with Lilly Cho, a sophomore in Michigan’s art school.

The group made an immediate splash in the neighborhood with a live performance of the Beatle’s early songs in their living room, to which they invited a number of neighbors. They soon moved a TV onto their porch and began performing to huge, screaming crowds. “They were just so talented,” said fan Mia Kuipers. “If they were simply awesome Rock Band players that would be one thing, but they put on a special performance for each level. These guys rock!”

Eventually, however, the live shows became too hectic for the lads from Liberty. “We would have loved to keep doing them,” said Greg Peterson, who played George in the group. “But when you’re not able to hear the sound from the TV and all you have to go on is what’s on the screen it just gets to be too difficult. We had to go back to the studio.”

Following this decision the group began its most prolific period of gameplay, completing Sgt. Pepper’s with near-perfect scores all around. However this is also when conflict began to arise within the group.

“We were just getting started on the songs from ‘The White Album’ when Ben told us he had to take a break to see his new girlfriend,” said Pete O’Connor, the group’s Paul.



“We had just come back from a great visit to our friend from India and had a lot of great energy, and this really took the wind out of our sails.”

Lawson met Cho at a student show at the art school and was interested in Cho’s exhibit entitled “Screw a Screw,” a conceptual piece that had patrons screw screws into a blank board.

The couple began IM-ing and texting frequently. While Lawson’s then-girlfriend Celia was out of town, they had their first date. Cho came over and she and Lawson reportedly played an older version of Rock Band, though witnesses claimed it was more of the two “mashing buttons,” and “screaming into the mic,” than it was actual gameplay. The relationship took a heavy toll on the Rock Band rock band.

“He kept bringing her along when we were trying to play,” said O’Connor. “He wanted us to let her play too, but when we told him that wouldn’t work they ended up sharing a controller. It took us so long to finish ‘Something’ I was about to kill him myself.”

The group beat the game with a final, unannounced live performance of songs from Let It Be from the roof of their house. “We did come together for that,” said drummer Rich Staley, “but we were all really more interested in starting our own solo games of Rock Band at that point.” Lawson continued his relationship with Cho following the group’s split and had arguably the best solo game until he was tragically shot outside the BellTower Hotel last weekend.

Students from same Michigan town meet at party, talk about hometown

E.WILLIAM--UM Sophomores Lisa Kane and Tim Smolarek, both natives of Holland, Michigan, met for the first time at a party late Saturday night on East William St. A friend of Lisa’s, Jenny Hofman, was talking to Smolarek when he revealed he was from the west side of Michigan, and upon being asked where specifically, stated he was from Holland. Hofman then reportedly “got way too excited” and informed her friend Lisa, another Hollander.

“I was like oh my god my friend is so from there,” said Hofman.

Smolarek exchanged a few words of greeting with Kane before the two settled into a mildly interesting conversation relating to their hometown, which, they both agreed, was “such a lame place.”

Kane informed Smolarek that she went to West Ottawa High School, to which Smolarek said that he had attended Holland High School. He asked if she knew Paul Ly and Chris Gerrard, and, as it turned out, she, “had English with Chris when [they] were juniors.”

Kane went on to express her disbelief at the amount of construction on the highway, while Smolarek lamented a recent arson at one of his favorite restaurants on the south side. He proceeded to relate the whole story of the incident to a vaguely outraged Kane, after which followed a brief yet thick, awkward pause. Smolarek, saving face, quickly asked Kane, “how badly did [she] need to get out of Holland?” Kane responded with a short laugh and said, “Really badly.”

At this time an obviously inebriated friend of Smolarek’s informed him that they were leaving. Smolarek said that it was nice to have met Kane and that he would “see her around,” though he seriously doubted this. Kane, for her part, shared his sentiments.



Sociology professor dialogues with misbehaving son

GALLUP PARK—According to play-group sources, local father and UM Professor of Sociology Roger Wilkins engaged in intense interpersonal dialogue with his son Wednesday afternoon.

The dialogue is reported to have occurred after Dr. Wilkin’s 4-year-old son Timothy unfairly appropriated a peer’s toy at the group’s semi-weekly gathering. Witnesses at the scene, a gathering of children of University faculty members, reported that Timothy Wilkins began engaging in markedly antisocial behavior at approximately 3 p.m., when he rejected his civil duty to queue for the slide at a crowded Ann Arbor playground.

According to Associate Professor of Philosophy Franz Josef, “Timothy made an impassioned argument rooted in Nietzsche’s theory of the Übermensch that he should be immune from the generally consented-to rules and regulations of the playground, as those rules are mere social constructs unsanctioned by Timothy himself, or as young Mr. Wilkins so succinctly put it, ‘I don’t care about them. I wanna go on slide NOW!’”

Timothy’s dysfunctional behavior allegedly escalated with his failure to comply with predetermined terms regarding swing-set swing angle, as he proceeded to pass a full 30 degrees past the designated limit. According to eyewitness accounts from Political Science Professor David Levine, “Timothy responded to his father’s attempt to govern his activity with an impassioned response that was Reaganesque in its rejection of authoritarian regulation, maintaining that his father had exceeded his moral prerogative in his ‘unfair’ and ‘dummy’ demands.”

Levine further reported that Timothy engaged in the finest traditions of community organizing when he incited a number of his playmates to remove themselves from plain sight of their respective parental guardians. The secessionist activity, however, was ruled unacceptable by parental authorities and quashed in an action that Timothy might perhaps have deemed tyrannical.

While parenting experts might dispute whether these early antisocial behaviors were ultimate causes of Dr. Wilson’s dialogue with his son, witnesses claim that the proximate cause was indubitably Timothy’s theft of a rubber ball from playmate Laura Henderson, 3. According to Dr. Wilson’s own statement, he “took Timothy aside and advised him in a, frankly, unproductive restorative justice counseling session to convince Timmy to make reparations to Laura.”

However, Timothy proved staunchly opposed to any mediated reconciliation process, making a full-throated argument against the Western concept of property which deemed his actions immoral. **SEE DELINQUENT**, page 13



Sports

9

HEADLINES

QB Nick Sheridan out 4-6 weeks with severe headset rash



AROD ditches Madonna for Elizabeth Taylor

“I like progressively older, more famous women,” says Yankee slugger

Michael Rosenberg anonymously accused of using enhanced interrogation techniques on anonymous Michigan sources

DETROIT—In a report that may save the career of Rich Rodriguez, allegations have recently surfaced that current Detroit Free Press sports writer and former Michigan Daily sports writer Michael Rosenberg used enhanced interrogation techniques on several of the anonymous Michigan football players he sourced in an August 31st story about the program’s potential practice violations.

“I was walking home from practice a few weeks back when a black van pulled out in front of me,” recounts a Michigan starter who wishes to remain anonymous. “Before I knew what was going on, some little dude with glasses had me pinned to the

floor of the van and was pouring water down my throat while he screamed ‘You’re tired! You have no time for school! You practice too hard! Don’t you? Don’t you?’ It was terrifying. I told him everything he wanted to hear. I just wanted to live.”

When asked who he believed his attacker was, the anonymous Michigan players said “Michael Rosenberg of the Detroit Free Press.”

Another anonymous Michigan player has released the following statement:

SEE ANONYMOUS, page 13



Anonymously accused Free Press writer Michael Rosenberg, pictured in this file photo attending a sporting event in the Communist nation of China

Matt Millen running son’s little league team into ground

SCRANTON—Been wondering where Matt Millen slinked off to after being fired by the Detroit Lions following eight reprehensible years as President and CEO of football operations? The disgraced executive said last winter he wanted to “spend more time with his family” at his Pennsylvania home, a move which included taking over football operations for his eight year old son’s little league team. The results have reportedly been disastrous.

Millen, whose son Austin intends to change his last name when he turns 18, assumed management responsibilities of the Little Dolphins, a team of 8-10 year olds from the Scranton area, when he volunteered with the league office earlier in the summer.

Millen’s first mistake appears to have been in the player draft after the league’s tryouts.

“He picked all the tiny fast kids in the first few rounds,” remembers Don Luffgren, a fellow coach in the junior football league. “He muttered something about instituting a 5-wide receiver formation. Apparently he hasn’t watched much kid’s football lately or he would have known that 8 year olds aren’t typically capable of throwing a forward pass. It’s like Jon Kitna all over again.”

In the first practice of the season, two of Millen’s star receiver picks, Jimmy N. and Kevin P., were injured and lost for the season, opening serious holes in the Little Dolphins depth chart going into the season. Just days later, 9 year old Mario K. and 8

year old Teddy N., two of Millen’s defensive standouts, were arrested outside their homes on suspicion of drug use and spousal battery. Feeling the heat, Millen then promoted his son Austin to quarterback despite the fact that he’s overweight and short. This reportedly bred severe resentment among other, better players, creating discord in the team’s chemistry going into the season opener against the Little Bengals.

After losing his first four games, Millen’s support amongst his player’s parents began to wane. Several of the fathers started bringing ‘Fire Millen’ signs to games, booing his coaching decisions, and even petitioned the league office to remove the ex-Lions boss. One mother was so embarrassed by her son’s team that she came to a game wearing a brown paper bag over her

head.

In response to the calls for his resignation and termination, Millen has remained firm.

“I’m very confident that I’ll be able to turn this club around in the next six to nine years,” said Millen. “And if I can’t, well, maybe that’s just God’s way of saying I wasn’t cut out for this job.”



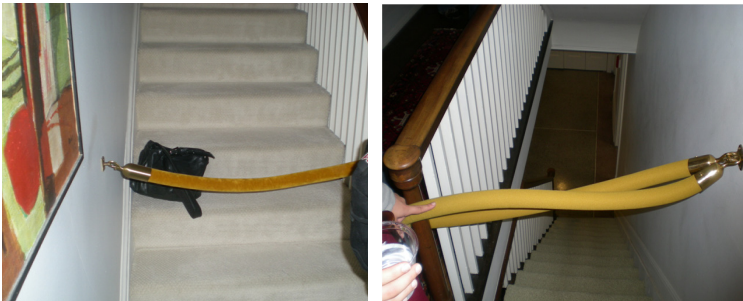
Secrets of Mary Sue Coleman’s House



REVEALED!

Madame President’s Security Detail

For those few intrepid souls lucky enough to make it through the front door after waiting in line for twenty minutes, a labyrinth of guards, traps, and plates of cookies await. Make one wrong turn and you could end up dead, or worse yet, out of line.



TOP LEFT CORNER: Mary Sue’s video alarm system, found just off of her library on the Western end of the ground floor, has the secret presidential extension for DPS written above it (3-1131), ensuring that anyone who breaks in will be vaguely profiled and never caught. **MIDDLE:** Only a fool would think that DPS is Mary Sue’s only protection. Disguised as a simple waitress, this Eastern European strongwoman makes the perfect bodyguard; discrete, polite, and deadly. Make a quick move towards Coleman, and that supposed drink tray and its razor edges are hurtling across the room on a direct path to your jugular. **BOTTOM LEFT:** Only a fool would think that DPS and Eastern European strongwomen are Mary Sue’s only protection. The highly secretive Duderstadt Guard, disguised as simple Public Policy graduate students in checkered sweaters, collared undershirts, and beards, trail Coleman at all times and are always ready to strike. The agent pictured is receiving signals in his earchip while simultaneously monitoring the backyard for intruders as he pretends to stand in line for apple cider. Attack the President or ask her an uncomfortable question about CC Little being a eugenicist and one of these killing machines will pounce. The Every Three Weekly is the first news organization ever to capture a photograph of a Duderstadt Guardsman and survive to print it. **TOP RIGHT:** Most devious of all, Coleman’s guards placed yellow velvet ropes in front of stairs leading to the basement and second floor, making any hopes of exploring those floors utterly impossible.

Mary Sue’s Schtuff



Beautiful vases and a lovely gold centerpiece are some the many highlights of Mary Sue’s ground floor. When we asked how many out-of-state student’s tuition it would take to cover the cost of just one of these fine pieces, Mary Sue blushed and said “I don’t talk business at these receptions, but if you must know, 473.”

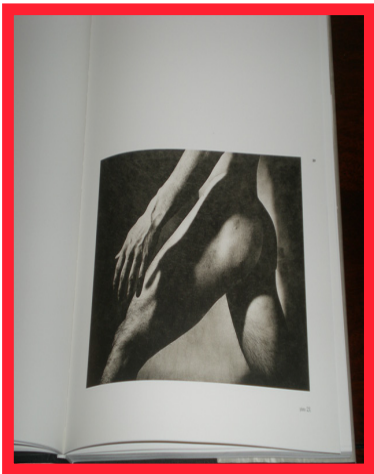
Mary Sue’s John



There are very few times in life when you’re actually speechless, but when this reporter walked into President Mary Sue Coleman’s bathroom with his digital camera hanging from his pocket and saw that her toilet seat was up, there were no words.

Mary Sue’s Private Library

In keeping with the Communist teachings of this liberal hippie cesspool, it appears that Ms. Coleman is quite the Red reader. Her books on Cuban Communism and the Cuban Threat suggest that she is sympathetic to the plight of dictators, or indeed may be one herself. In a far more important discovery, we also found “In Human Touch,” a high class book of pornography meant especially for high ranking administrators, in Mary Sue’s study. We would have photographed more images from the erotic volume, but most of the pages were stuck together.



BELOW: Known to chosen insiders as Mary Jew Coleman, this Hebrew-inscribed cedar plate, discovered in her library on a hidden shelf, is a clear indication that the President endoreses Israel as the Jewish state and has no intention of stopping the production of Hebrew Michigan shirts manufactured by a clothing company based in Israel. We knew it!



BELOW LEFT: The presidential hookah, often seen on the rooftop at Rendez-Vous when Mary Sue just needs to kick back and chill after a tough seminar or Michigan Difference campaign.



ABOVE RIGHT: Mary Sue is known to keep her thermostat (located in the library, next to the Jew plate) at a frigid 57 degrees, which stands to reason, since she never takes off her pantsuits.

I'm the first gay member of my family to go to college by Steven Caldwell



For average people, the first day of college is exhilarating, sexy, and maybe even overwhelming. The bright-eyed freshmen walk around the campus with nary a care in the world: they have already made it to the greatest school on earth.

But not for Steven—nay. For Steven, this crisp, clean, new school year means something more. It means something historical. It means something bigger than you and me. I AM THE FIRST GAY PERSON IN MY FAMILY TO GO TO COLLEGE!

Hurrah! It feels so good to yell that from the tree-tops, from the steeples and castles of this fair city. This reminds me of a moment in the critically acclaimed film, *The Birdcage*, or maybe it was *Napoleon Dynamite*, where someone, I forget who, says: “Your mom goes to college.” This moment really touched my soul because my mother did indeed go to college. She went to the college of life. And also I think she was at Notre Dame for a few semesters. But then she dropped out to have me. And no one knew, in the dark winter of 1991, what would happen in the future. No wise woman blessed with the eye of a Seer could have prophesied that one day a boy would be born. A gay boy named Steven.

And one day when he was about nine Steven decided that he was tired of pretending that it didn’t arouse him when Tim Slade hung upside down on the monkey bars so the wind stimulated his taint and made his testicles flap up. He also decided that there was no shame in writing notes to Tim or any such male he fancied, as a matter of fact. And then when the principal got wind of this and Steven had to complete a workshop called “Don’t Touch Me Sir,” Steven decided maybe he should start pretending again that the sight of Jesse Titus bending over to tie his shoes didn’t make his corduroy pants snug at the crotch. He decided to hide his gayhood. So the great show began. I hid everything through three long years of middle school and one long year of high school. I tucked my hard penis up into the waistband of my boxer briefs during gym classes. I refrained (on many occasions) from giving my naïve friend from church a dry hand job under the table at Steak N Shake even though he was unknowingly begging for it. I soothed my anxious body with lanolin oils and the knowledge that one day I wouldn’t have to hide my huge throbbing hard-on from men anymore.

And then the fateful church group trip to Costa Rica happened. And Jose came into my life. Literally. And the sexual awakening began. And one night, after a particularly long session of lustful thrusting in the woods with Jose while the rest of the group

was asleep in their pious cabins, it came to me: college was my only choice for happiness. I mean, I had seen enough reruns of *Undressed* on MTV and heard enough stories about fraternities to know that college was chock full of latent homosexuals just like me.

I still remember that moment I received entrance to the gayest club on earth: college. The tingling sensation in my fingertips as I gently forced the thin envelope open. Not daring to read the words on the parchment, I traced my fingers over the ink. And not being able to decipher anything from that I begged my best friend (at the time) Daphne to read the words aloud to my anxious ears.

“Congratulations Steven! You have been accepted to Washtenaw Community College pending the arrival of your immunization forms.”

The next part is my own. I imagine what the letter would have said had I written it myself:

“You join the ranks of gifted scholars and learners. You have a responsibility to every man, woman, and gay child in this beautiful world of ours. . Be it through dance, poetry, required science classes or song, you must tell everyone your story.”

For you see, I have done something no one else in my family has done. I made it to college. And I’m gay.

My [Disappointing] Trip to Europe Was Totally Awesome! by Travis Seaver, LSA Senior



Dude! Have you been to Europe? You haven’t?! Yeah, I just went this summer, man. Europe is the shit[iest place]. They have everything [I could never understand due to my ignorance] there. We waited in line at the [souvenir stand in front of the] Sistine Chapel and snapped a couple pics so my parents wouldn’t be

pissed that I didn’t do anything “educational.”

The [McDonalds Espana] food we ate was incredible. Best hangover food I’ve ever had [to throw up immediately after eating]. What was so great was that most of the waiters [who spat in our food] spoke English so it was totally easy to order. I probably gained [a lot of character after starving myself and losing] 10 pounds while I was there from the food alone and another 5 pounds from drinking [the tap water that got me so sick that I had diarrhea for days].

Fuck yeah, we went to Amsterdam! Or at least that’s what my camera tells me. I can’t even remember what

happened there I was so fucked up [from culture shock] the whole time [that I lay shaking on my bug-ridden hostel cot for hours on end].

In Italy we met this [ugly] girl who took us all around the city and we went to these [overpriced and overrated] clubs where we met all of her [equally ugly] friends. She was such a cool girl. Sexiest [American] accent ever. We traveled mostly by train, which was totally easy [to miss] and we didn’t have to wait long at all [before we broke down and called our parents to ask if we could pay for a cab]. Well actually this one time we were so hung over that we missed the train going from Florence to Venice so we started talking to this cab driver outside the station and it turned out that his cousin Mario lived in New York and Mario just so happened to be his [made up] favorite cousin! “Anything for a New Yorker!” he said. He gave us a [really bad] deal and drove us the whole way there and only charged us 200 [Euros] instead of the usual 300 [US dollars]! It was really hard [to express the pure joy I felt] leaving that place. The second I got home and saw the filth of the States I wanted to go back [to living my life in Westchester County forever].

ZARAGON PLACE IS A HOME AWAY FROM MY INTERGALACTIC HOME

BY ZEGNERFECK OF PLANET ZARAGON



Clinktnik shlink grzzzdigzizazzz Xilph-norod! For you sapiens who don’t speak Flinkzon, that means give thanks to the almighty god Xilphnorod! You see, today I have great reason to be thankful, for I have finally found a home away from my intergalactic home in the place of Zaragon, from which I was forcefully driven by the terrible conquerors, the Yuqders of Asdrefurtz. I am so fortunate that Joe, lord of the land, has agreed to my stay, and for only 1,500 units of currency per lunar cycle. And it’s right next to Ray’s Red Hots! Otk otk svother shlink!

SEE ZARAGON, page 13

FROM GSI, page 7

Still, his popularity has not come without controversy: some students have objected to his humorous approach, calling it obnoxious, unnecessary, and even offensive. They cite more than one occasion on which Harris “crossed the line,” upsetting individual class members or entire groups of students.

In one incident, Harris joked: “Why do mathematicians, after a dinner at a Chinese restaurant, always insist on taking the leftovers home?” The punch-line – “Because they know the Chinese Remainder Theorem” – fell silent on a room of Asian math students who had previously associated the term “Chinese Remainder

Theorem” with Mao Zedong’s policy of exterminating the metally handicapped.

One sophomore says Harris’s attempts at humor have gotten in the way of a potentially valuable classroom experience: “I knew from the beginning this class would be bullshit... [Harris] walked in the first day and introduced himself as a ‘math terrorist.’ He said he had ties to the ‘Al-Gebra’ network, and then he pulled out a compass, a protractor, and a graphing calculator and said they were his ‘weapons of math instruction.’ I wanted to fucking hit him.”

Harris also received complaints after students identified one of his favorite jokes (“What’s the difference between a large pizza and a math PhD? The pizza can feed a family of four”) as a simple variation on a highly objectionable black joke.

Still, Harris is unfazed by such criticisms, noting that any negative feedback is outweighed by the joy he gets from teaching: “I love what I do and I plan to do it for a long time. After all, mathematicians never die– they only lose some of their functions!”

FROM SYLLABUS, page 7

Although the fire drill lasted only ten minutes, Feiglin deemed the class a total loss with no survivors—that getting back into the material would be rushing, and that cutting material out to compensate would be sacrilegious and would come back to haunt the class in December when the allotted time for the final would be seventeen minutes less than originally planned.

“The man is a nut job,” said Kevin Spencer, a sophomore engineering student. He gave us this 24-page, double-sided syllabus with time built in for ‘Sharpening Pencils’? What the hell is that crap? Who sharpens pencils anymore?”

While many students have criticized his overbearing planning as a sign that he has never had an orgasm, the University is recommending more professors plan the very heartbeat of their lectures.

“You need to plan every sentence, every word, and every hesitant pause. If you don’t then how will the students possibly be able to follow you? It’s just necessary. Look, I have this interview scheduled right now, see?” said Secretary of University Academics, Teddy Brayer, waving a heavily highlighted planner.

In related news, University officials have banned the use of “Michigan Time” for the Winter 2010 semester in order to provide a more cramped schedule and anal-retentive atmosphere.

FROM ZARAGON, page 12

To think! Merely a few space lifespans ago, I was enslaved by the Zufnorglinks, who mined our planet, Srmp1tstpkt, of all its valuable and highly addictive Ghoffbnat minerals and murdered 96.37 % of my race. Only by the grace of Xilphnorod was I able to survive in an abandoned Ghoffbnat mine, sustaining myself on whatever precious and chemically dependent ghoff-ghoff I could scrounge. Now, as lordland Joe tells me, I will get to share a space with rich holes of the ass from the East Coast! From where I come, we have no

such thing as ass, but the word has such a pleasant sound, just like Zaragon! Oh how excited am I! My slorgons tremble with giddy excitement!

Joe, lord of the land has also told me that I will fit right in with those residing just down the street in the Quadrangle of the East. I hear some from your RC probably even speak my native tongue, Flinkzon! How wonderful it will be to converse with them! Yes the Place of Zaragon, near the Quadrangle of the East, will be my new home. Zork Zeek Pliggle Tryuipshsnwagh shlink shlink!

FROM DELINQUENT, page 8

“When Timothy was unresponsive even to neo-Marxist overtures that he and Laura co-utilize the ball as shared collective property, I saw no choice but to take a regrettably authoritarian, enforcement-based approach to our problem.”

Sources in the Wilson household

report that Timothy was removed from the playground in a violent protest that included, but was not limited to strong decisive blows upon the ground, and brief periods of arm flailing. Timothy is currently relegated to meditative detention in the confines of his room.

ANONYMOUS, from page

“Mr. Rosenberg waterboarded me and my teammates continuously until we lied and said our coach made us practice too much. All I remember is feeling totally helpless, like I was being slowly put to death. It was exactly like the Toledo game last year.”

The reports have been met with mixed reactions on campus.

“I think any player who throws out accusations anonymously just because he thinks the media worked him too hard is a total pussy,” said LSA Junior Dave Weber. “Clearly these so-called anonymous sources are just bad eggs, trying to drag the good name of the Free Press through the mud.”

A police search last week of Rosenberg’s home found him to possess numerous sources of running water as well as board and buckets, key pieces of evidence in a potential torture trial.

Rosenberg, who many believe is far too scrawny and uncoordinated to lift a bucket of water, denied the allegations in a teary press conference yesterday.

“It just makes me sick to think that people could believe I would mistreat my sources like that,” said Rosenberg between sobs.

“None of the allegations are true. The

sources aren’t even named. This just isn’t fair! For godsakes, didn’t anyone do some simple fact checking? Just talk to Toney Clemons! He’ll back me up on this.”

In response to the anonymous allegations, the Detroit Free Press has announced it will commence a full internal investigation of its reporters and their methods.

“It isn’t now and never has been our policy to hold sources by the throat while we pour water on their faces,” said angry Detroit Free Press Editor Paul Anger.

“Needless to say, we take these allegations very seriously and are doing everything in our power to get to the bottom of them.”

When asked what he thought of a former Daily writer leveling program-tarnishing allegations against Michigan, current Daily editor Gary Graca said “Students who start a Chase checking account today are eligible for savings of up to 15% on all future purchases at several of the top retailers and chains in America. See chase.com for details or present this flyer to your local Chase for \$25 extra added to your new savings account.”

13

TIME	ACTIVITY
12:00-12:30am	Team Breakfast
12:30-1:00am	Group shower
1:00-4:00am	Mandatory Voluntary Lifting Session
4:00-6:00am	Mandatory Optional Film Session
6:00-6:30am	Team Lunch
6:30-7:00am	Group Shower
7:00-10:00am	Required Compulsory Conditioning Drills
10:00-10:15am	Kinesiology discussion
10:15-12:00pm	Active Recovery (Minimum five mile run)
12:00-12:02pm	Water Break (frowned upon)
12:02-12:15pm	Group Shower [coaches included (cleared by NCAA)]
12:15-12:30pm	Optional Geology lecture
12:30-1:00pm	Team Dinner
1:00-3:00pm	Futbol Practice
3:00-7:00pm	Officially Sanctioned NCAA, open to media, practice time
7:00-7:30pm	Anonymous, individual player press interviews
7:30-8:00pm	Group shower
8:00-8:30pm	Teary-eyed Richrod pep talk
8:30-9:30pm	Obligatory Discretionary walk through
9:30-9:35pm	Homework
9:35-9:50pm	LSAT/GRE practice
9:50-10:00pm	Hot Yoga
10:00-12:00am	Optional time for sleep, socializing, family emergencies, other homework, pet care, going to bathroom, additional group showering, eating, shopping, dentist appointments, and facebook-ing. (Note, coaches available for required position specific drills)

When police searched Rosenberg’s home, they found this small piece of paper which appears to be a model of Rich Rodriguez’s Michigan practice schedule. The writing on the paper has been identified as Rosenberg’s.



Detroit pitched as perfect setting for post-apocalyptic thriller

DETROIT – As part of a greater trend of Hollywood relocation in Michigan, Mayor Dave Bing is in the process of courting movie executives by making the claim that Detroit’s decaying landscape is the ideal location for filming a post-apocalyptic thriller. “Detroit just begs to be in front of the camera. We have everything these execs need: slums, bombed out buildings, mentally disturbed extras, and the prospect of fatal danger around every corner.”

Disregarding previous plans to put life back into the city that once was, Bing plans to prevent all non-profit organizations and community service groups from attempting any type of revival of the city. “No more murals!” Bing promised to the movie executives.

Bing now deems Detroit his “permanent movie set” and ordered the Detroit Institute of Art to be demolished on the grounds that it only serves as an obstruction and doesn’t fit within the “Detroit Package.”

“We can’t have our hero dodging the Midtown

wreckage and then come upon an art museum,” Bing reasoned, “It’s got to go.”

In place of the museum Bing plans to put a crater resembling a prototypical scene after an asteroid has crashed into Earth. This man-made cavity would be the newest addition to the already existing series of natural craters making up Detroit’s uneven topography.

In preparation for the increase in Detroit activity due to its appealing deteriorative milieu, Bing recently cancelled the one construction project taking place within city limits.

The buzz surrounding this new project continues to grow in both Detroit and Hollywood. The slated schedule of upcoming thrillers to be filmed in Detroit is only the beginning of a long relationship between the seemingly divergent cities. Not only could Detroit’s barren landscape lend a hand to the post-apocalyptic genre, but it could also serve as the backdrop for plots that contain dream sequences, gang violence, or Keanu Reeves coaching a downtrodden little league team.



Pictured: A typical Wednesday afternoon in Detroit, Michigan

Man With Terrible Stutter Sings “Poker Face” Perfectly at Best Western Karaoke Night

YPSILANTI—Douglas Tremmel, local travel agent and karaoke enthusiast, blew away an audience of seven at the Ypsilanti Best Western when he flawlessly performed Lady Gaga’s “Poker Face”, stammering every syllable as the original artist intended.

Though his performance was a timid one, the chorus was performed as if Tremmel didn’t have to

try at all, except say the words to the best of his ability. His natural talent stunned the half-drunk crowd into a silent awe.

“It was as if planets aligned—it just worked. What a lucky coincidence he would pick that song,” said fan Jillian Taylor.

Though undoubtedly the best of the night, the performance was allegedly difficult at times.

“He was doing horrible until he reached the ‘P-p-poker Face’ part—that was a big boost of confidence for him, even after he spilled cranberry juice all over his pants,” said bartender James Cooke.

Sources confirm Tremmel was nervous to sing in public again after turning the Village People’s ‘YMCA’ into a rhetorical question last Thursday.

“He couldn’t get past the Y. Just kept asking ‘Y-y-y’. It was bad. Real bad,” said Samantha Rickies, karaoke host.

Tremmel is slated to attempt “My Generation” by The Who next week.

Target blasted for promoting an unattainable standard of dorm living

MINNEAPOLIS – The multinational retailer, Target, known for its competitive pricing and wide variety of products, has found itself in the center of a heated debate over their ‘Back-to-college ‘09’ advertising campaign.

Critics claim that Target has created a completely false impression of the typical college dorm, instead portraying an unrealistic vision of happy, multi-racial, students laughing to themselves in fully furnished dorm rooms roughly the size of a football field.

The advertisements have sparked confusion amongst college students who, expecting to move into the palatial rooms of the Target commercials, frequently arrive to college with enough Target-brand furniture to furnish a cruise ship. The few students lucky enough to have rooms large enough to contain the brightly colored rugs that Target insists are essential to the dorm experience will quickly find that rather than exuding a plush chic vibe, the rugs are far more likely to call to mind the smell of stale beer and vomit.

University Freshman Kyle Thompson was one of the victims of Target’s misleading campaign. “I didn’t want my roommate to hate me for not

contributing to our room, so I bought everything that Target asked me to. I got the five-headed floor lamp, the under-bed storage bins, even a really cool Bob Marley poster. When I got to my room in Markley, I realized there wasn’t space for any of it – we couldn’t even fit a TV in the room without lofting both beds.”

Other critics of the ad campaign include the parents of students who feel Target sets an unreasonable standard of parental helpfulness in their advertisements. One mother, who asked to remain anonymous, noted that “for the twenty thousand dollars a year I’m paying for tuition, my daughter can get some of those move-in people to help carry her things. I plan on sitting on the hood of my car, smoking a cigarette, while my daughter gets all of that Target-brand shit out of the trunk. If Target seriously expects me to stand around smiling while I lug a 40 pound chest of drawers up three flights of stairs they can kiss my ass.”

Other critics have pointed out that the helpful mothers portrayed in the advertisements are scarcely over the age of 30, meaning they would have had to conceive their college aged children when they were in elementary school.

In a press interview, a spokesperson for Target, seated in a large zebra-pattern spherical chair, claimed that Target didn’t mean to embellish their ads, but rather sought to show what college life could be. “I envision a college where textbooks are nonexistent, students lounge on vast carpeted floors, and douchebag roommates are not to be seen.”

Make-A-Wish Foundation having trouble getting Keira Knightley to have sex with dying fourteen year old

NATION—The Make-A-Wish foundation is reportedly having difficulty fulfilling the wish of teen Timothy Platt, who requested the organization facilitate sexual intercourse between himself and actress Keira Knightley. Knightley has yet to respond to the foundation’s phone calls, leaving the organization struggling to find a suitable alternative. Although Platt indicated that he might

be amenable to sex with Natalie Portman, or even Jessica Alba, none of these celebrities could be reached. The Make-A-Wish foundation was able to convince Tara Reid to have sex with Platt, but Platt refused, calling Reid a “washed-up whore with a fucked-up body.” “I’m not sure I could live out my few remaining days knowing that my penis was anywhere near that disease-ridden slut.” When asked if he would instead like to meet his favorite football team, the Baltimore Ravens, before their next game, Platt described the idea of “hanging out with a bunch of half-naked dudes in a locker room” as “faggy.” Make-A-Wish foundation president Nancy Stevenson has stated that she might consider putting out for Platt if Keira Knightley remains unresponsive, but sources indicate she’s secretly hoping he dies before it comes to that.



Advertisements



WOMEN’S RUGBY



**Want to tackle someone?
TRY RUGBY**

PRACTICES:
Tue/Thurs 6-8PM
Pfizer Field
GAMES:
Saturday Mornings

www.umich.edu/~umwrfc
contact: rugby.recruiting@umich.edu



Auditions: Wednesday Septemeber 16 6-9PM
OR
Thursday September 16 6-9PM
UAC office - 4th floor of the Union

REVEALED: Insidious cult posing as high paying summer job

NATION—Corporate powerhouse and suspected cult Vector Marketing (the maker of CutCo knives) has taken advantage of the current economic climate to recruit members to the sect. Unsuspecting college students are lured in by Vector’s temping \$16/hour base-pay and flexible hours. Many choose to arrange an interview with the company but few realize that this is the first step down a dangerous path into a cult shrouded in mystery. After being accepted as part of the Vector cult, new members are subjected to a three day, non-paid, ass-numbing training session at their local Vector office, which serves no purpose other than initiating new members. While at the office, students are subjected to soft music embedded with subliminal messages designed to assuage the feelings of douchebaggery associated with entering people’s homes and telling them their current set of cutlery is completely inadequate. By the time initiation is complete, many members are completely brainwashed, unable to disicuss anything by the merits of metal-handled knives. Clever illusions, such as the midair dissection of a penny with a CutCo knife, help reinforce the cutlery’s god-like status among Vector members, and distract them from their increasing lack of non-knife related contact with family and friends. Vector practices various ceremonial rituals and sacraments such as phone jams and the 2-1/2 hour, weekly sales meeting that includes the human sacrifice of the week’s worst seller, a bloody affair carried out with CutCo’s flagship butcher knife(also great for deboning poultry and separating

ribs and frozen hot dogs). Phone jams consist of stuffing as many people as possible into a room (or sometimes even a car), locking the door, and not letting anyone out for food or water until every sales rep has called every married homeowner they’ve ever met. Only 4 seconds are allowed between calls and the ones who don’t set up demos are poked repeatedly with the Carving Fork (use it with the Carving Knife and it becomes the Master Carving Set) until blood is drawn. In addition to these gruesome initiation practices, the Vector organization (more commonly known as CultCo among outsiders and survivors) does the majority of their intensive, irreversible brainwashing at huge gatherings referred to as ‘Summer Conferences’ and/or ‘Sales Leadership Development Meetings’ where everyone is told to wear the same color clothing. Anyone who attends one of these has no hope of rejoining normal society. CultCo’s followers can’t even use the popular social networking site, Facebook, without creating ‘Which Cutco Knife Are You?’ quizzes and becoming fans of both Vector and Cutco. Fortunately, more and more young people are becoming aware of Vector’s scheme to stop their generation from ever achieving anything greater than flawless knife salesmanship. They are being encouraged to ignore the advances of Vector Marketing and instead focus on more noble pursuits, such as joining that exclusive Honor Society that keeps sending you letters.

HEY CHARLIE!

It looks like you won't be coaching college football much longer.

So we thought you'd like to know that anyone with Photoshop or Indesign experience can get a job on the E3W art/design staff and start contributing immediately.

